

SHOLOM ALEICHAM, YIDDISH HUMORIST AND WRITER, DIES

Author Whose Writings Won
Fame, Was Known as "Mark
Twain" of His Race.

BODY TO LIE IN STATE.

Many Visit Family Home in the
Bronx to Pay Homage to
His Memory.

Sholom Aleicham, known as the "Yiddish Mark Twain," died shortly after 7 o'clock this morning at his residence, No. 988 Kelly Street, the Bronx. He had been suffering for some months from nephritis and diabetes and for two weeks had been in bed, attended by Drs. Ginsberg and Mikulovitz.

News of the writer's death spread rapidly throughout the Jewish colony and before 10 o'clock flocks of friends and admirers were wending their way toward his house. His widow is prostrated with grief and his son of fifteen is inconsolable. He also leaves four daughters, the eldest of whom is thirty-one and married.

Arrangements for the funeral of the noted writer will not be completed until this evening. They will probably be in the hands of Dr. J. L. Magner, President of the Jewish Colony, and it is thought the remains will lie in state at the rooms of the United Hebrew Charities, No. 356 Seventh Avenue. Among the orthodox of the faith it is the custom for interment to follow death within twenty-four hours, but the rule, it is said, may be dispensed with by Dr. Magner, owing to the demand of thousands of the dead man's devotees for public obsequies.

Sholom Aleicham is the pen name of the deceased author. He assumed the nom de plume at the age of twenty-five and was fifty-six at his death. His real name was Solomon Rabinowitz and he was born in Pereyaslav, Russia. He has a brother in Newark, N. J.

The dead man was one of the most prolific Jewish writers in this country. His pen had been busy for thirty-three years. He portrayed his people, their characteristics, successes and shortcomings as perhaps no other writer has. He was their Mark Twain, humorous and pathetic, the greatest of Yiddish humorist story tellers. He wrote for magazines in this country and abroad, for the newspapers, for anyone and everything which would respond to the credit and advancement of his people.

His works have been published in twenty full volumes and his death interrupted his autobiography. One of his stories has been running for some time in The World Sunday Magazine. His best stories are said to be "Teviah, the Milkman," "Nemeh Mendel," and "Moral, Son of the Cantor." The last is said to be his greatest. His nom de plume, Sholom Aleicham, is a Yiddish greeting, meaning "Peace be with you."

BURDEN OF WEALTH.
The weight of \$500 in dimes and nickels she carried finally bore down aged woman in Philadelphia street and landed her in hospital.

THE BATTLE RAGED FOR THREE YEARS

Constipation Completely Defeated
When "Fruit-atives" Was Used.



MR. JAS. J. ROYALL

S.S. "Boston," Central Wharf, Boston, Mass., April 26th, 1914.
"For three years I was troubled with Constipation. At times the attacks would be very severe, accompanied by Dizziness and Violent Headaches. I took medicine and laxatives the whole time, but as soon as I discontinued the treatment my bowels would refuse to move. Last October I went to Montreal and there heard of 'Fruit-atives'. I used one box and the results were so pronounced that I bought two dozen boxes. I continued using 'Fruit-atives' and noticed a decided improvement in my condition. The dizzy spells no longer troubled me and my bowels began to perform their function regularly. I took the entire two dozen boxes of 'Fruit-atives' and my physical condition was perfect." Jas. J. Royall, 506, 6th St., Boston, Mass.
At all dealers or sent by Fruit-atives Limited, Ogdenburg, New York—Advt.

Blonde Not a Gold Brick, but Gold Mine; No Giggler Is She, Nor Yet Canary Bird, Declares a True Daughter of the Sun

It's the Brunette Who Is
the Foolish One, Says
Auriferous Virginia
Hammond, and It's the
Fairer Sister Who Is
Capable of Great Emotions,
Sacrifices and
Love.

Actress Resents as Libel
the Charge That the
Blonde Is a Human Pan-
cake—Her Accusers Are
Heartless, Shallow and
Witless.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

Ever since The Evening World published an indictment of the blonde, which originated in the pages of Vanity Fair, a defense of the blonde by Mrs. Lewis B. Woodruff, whose wonderful hair could be cashed at the Sub-Treasury any time, and a second dreadful attack, with chemicals, gas and every

other weapon of frightfulness, by an anonymous brunette, there have been mutterings and rumblings from the gathering, golden hordes. My mail has been filled with denunciations by indignant daughters of the sun and the peroxide bottle, with warm approbation from brunettes who had seen their sweethearts torn away from them by gilded sirens, and finally with walls from men.

And now comes Virginia Hammond, most auriferous of all the daughters of the sun, to break a lance against the base detractors of the golden girl.

Miss Hammond plays the part of Huguette, the free-hearted, fire-souled, shelling in man's attire, who "swaggers through" the Southern revival of "If I Were King." She has been absent from the stage for a few years, but returned to it to fill the role she originated with E. H. Sothern at the first production of the play.

Not content with despatching a fiery defense of the blonde to Vanity Fair and challenging her detractors to debate on the subject, Miss Hammond called upon me to send her defense of blondness to the far corners of New York—and as much further as it will reach.

"Of all the vile, baseless slanders that have ever been uttered about the blonde, the tradition of her heartlessness and shallowness is the most witless," Miss Hammond told me yesterday in her apartment at the Hotel Woodward. "From what men say and write about the blonde one can help drawing the conclusion that they think she is a sort of gold brick. Do you?"

"There's one thing I'd like to ask all these people. Who ever finds out that a gold brick is a gold brick unless he is looking for a crooked bargain? And blondes are not bargain! I admit that."

"The blonde is not a gold brick, but a gold mine. Blondes are capable of great emotions, mighty sacrifices and undying love. Temperamentally, they are much more brunette than their dark-eyed sisters. But they are not so foolish as brunettes. They don't throw themselves away. A blonde has to have a man worth living for, worth dying for."

"Worth dyeing for?" I interrupted foolishly.

"Oh, come now," the golden-haired Miss Hammond answered, "do let's be serious about this. You know as well as I do that the average man goes around with the idea that if a girl is light haired she must be light headed; that the blonde has the mentality of an underdone pancake, that her thoughts are as sudden and as much as the cracking of hot popcorn, and that the only thing which she really knows how to do well is to giggle."

"Why, a doctor told me once that the blonde's desire to giggle is so intense that if it is unfulfilled she is likely to get pneumonia, anasthesia, meningitis and every other horrid thing he could think of. I had been studying very hard and I went to this creature to get him to prescribe for a shocking headache. 'Are you playing a trick on a poor fellow?' Miss Hammond asked me. 'Oh, tragic!' I answered. 'I prefer tragedy.' Then, he said, 'I can do nothing for you. In your effort to feel lonely and to be tragic you are doing such violence to your real nature, the blond nature, which is to be gay and light-hearted, that it is reflected in giggles all the time. That if I didn't start giggling right away he could do nothing for me.'"

"But, Miss Hammond, I objected, 'you know there must be some subtle relationship between blondness and giggles. Why else is the blondest of vintages referred to in sporting circles as 'giggle water?'"

"It is really," Miss Hammond repeated in her full contralto voice, fixing me with her great eyes. "Then that merely proves the diffusion of the prejudice against the blonde."

"When I first played this part of Huguette—and you know how much



MISS VIRGINIA HAMMOND
GIRA L. HILL

fire and passion it calls for—an actress who had watched my performance during rehearsal came over and said, 'What color was your hair?' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'What color was it originally?' she repeated. Then she added hastily, 'I don't mean to be chatty. Only I KNOW a natural blonde could not possibly play that part as you do. It's a brunette role.' And the worst of it, that is from a blonde by choice but by necessity. Nature made me one."

"I believe, though, that very often a smoldering Southern soul is lodged in a blond maiden, and that many a dusky daughter of the South has a polar heart. It's the color of the soul that counts, and who can tell what that is from a glance at half of eyes or skin? A man told me that blondes are the canary birds of life; that they were created to be put in gilded cages and to twitter sweetly; but I think that is a natural blonde could not possibly play that part as you do. It's a brunette role. And the worst of it, that is from a blonde by choice but by necessity. Nature made me one."

**HIPPEDROME BENEFIT
FOR NEWSBOYS' CAMP.**

The greatest special performance ever arranged at the Hippodrome will be given to-morrow night for the benefit of the Newsboys' Summer Camp. The program will include a variety of acts, including a performance by the famous comedienne, Miss Hammond.

Among the artists who will appear are Mital Hajos, Kitty Gordon and Jack Wilson, Charlotte, the ice queen, and her ballet, Nat Wills and other Hippodrome stars; Primrose's minstrels, the Vainland Band of 21 pieces, Elsie White, Captain Barnett and son, Babe and Nelson, Beatrice Herford, George McKay, and Otis Ardine, Truly Shattuck and Martha Golden, Ryan and Tierney, Oklahoma Bob Albright, Ponsella Sisters, Ada Mead, Norma Mendoza, May Thompson and Walter Manthly from "Katinka," Helen Rook and Bernard Graunville, Miss Juliette of "The Colored Boy of 1914," Lucy Lee Call, soprano; Ruth Helen Davis, dancer; May Warfel, harpist; Rita Duncan, Wheeler and Dolan and Bert Williams. In addition to the celebrities on the stage other actresses will sell souvenir programmes.

**BROADWAY FILM;
RIALTO PICTURES.**

Seamus Hayakawa, the noted Japanese actor, will be seen at the Broadway Theatre in the Jesse L. Lasky Paramount production of "Alien Souls," a thrilling photoplay written for him by Hector Turnbull. There will also be a Charlie Chaplin comedy, "The Floorwalker."

H. B. Warner will be seen at the Rialto as the star of a Triangle photoplay, "The Market of Vain Desire," a sociological study of the "upper crust," by C. Gardner Sullivan. Mr. Warner has the role of a young clergyman who "goes right" in spite of the efforts of the social set to reduce him to a ballroom ornament. There will also be other pictures and a musical programme.

**HAZEL DAWN STAR
OF STRAND FILM PLAY.**

The Strand Theatre will present Hazel Dawn in the screen play called "The Feud Girl," produced by the Famous Players' Film Company. As the title indicates, this photoplay concerns a feud of the mountain people. The principal who acted in this photo play were taken to the mountain regions of Northern Georgia, where their number was augmented by many picturesque types living in the community. The programme will also include the Strand Topical Review, Strand Fashion Pictorial, a cartoon comedy, a short farce comedy and musical numbers.

74 WOMEN WOOD BY "BLUEBEARD," HIS LETTERS SHOW

Bela Kiss Was Engaged to
Wed All and Murdered Eight,
Say Budapest Police.

(Special Cable Despatch to The Evening World.)
BERLIN (via Amsterdam), May 12.—That Bela Kiss, the Hungarian Bluebeard, was engaged to, or at least had promised to marry, no less than seventy-four women was disclosed by letters taken from his former housekeeper, with whom he had left them to be given to the authorities in case of his death.

According to Budapest dispatches the police already have the names of eighteen women he courted, not one of whom has been found, and some are known to have been long missing. It is alleged that Kiss confined his attention to servants or peasant women who had saved a little money.

As I cabled Thursday seven mysterious five-foot, tin covered sealed cases were found in Kiss's storeroom in the Village of Cinkota. Four of them have been opened. Three contained the corpses of as many women, each fully dressed, the bodies wound about, trussed up with thin rope, a tough cord around each neck and a handkerchief in every mouth. The fourth case contained seven women's dresses. One dress has been recognized as having belonged to Irene Toth, twenty-six years old, a cook who disappeared ten years ago. Another dress was identified by Frac Stefanki as that of a long lost daughter.

Only one body has been identified, that of Katharine Vargy, a servant, who always carried her little savings of \$100. She disappeared four years ago.

Corpl. Madja testified that he saw Kiss die in a hospital in Valjevo, Serbia. Another witness swore that he heard from Kiss last November. He said after he was reported dead in Serbia.

Kiss was tall, had a blond beard, was thirty-nine years old, and it is said he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

Mr. Corright was born in Wallisville, N. J. He served in the Fifty-sixth West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, of acute indignation. He was stricken shortly after midnight. When he retired at his own request in 1909, he had served forty-two years in every rank, rising to the highest position in the unformed forces. He was seventy-seven years old.

130 PRETTY GIRLS IN PLAINFIELD, N. J. WHY, 16,000 OF 'EM

But Midshipman White, Off
in Hongkong, Has Stirred
Up an Awful Muss.

ALL THE MEN ARE SORE.

But They Boast the Girls Are
Pretty and the Latter
Admit It.

Looks like Plainfield, N. J., and Hongkong, China, are about to sever diplomatic relations.

Don't be surprised any day if you hear that Mayor Cawkins, first citizen of the "come-let-us-build-you-a-little-bungalow" community on the Jersey Central, one dollar and five cents from civilization, has given Chu Shih, Plainfield's leading linen strangler, his passports and directed Plainfield's ambassadors to cease Hongkonging and return home forthwith. Yes, the situation is just as serious as that. Plainfielders say that a break is imminent any moment, and men and women who spend the better part of their lives making breaks for trains should be able to discern one at a considerable distance.

Off-hand, you are probably wondering what brought about the strained relations between cities that were formerly on such friendly terms. If you are surmising that jealousy over their respective populations is the cause, you have another guess coming. Nothing like it. They are usual, a woman, 130 women, to be exact, are at the bottom of the trouble. It is only just to the latter to say, however, that their lack of civic pride can be traced to the fine American hand of one S. V. White of the Pampanga, the latter being neither a new dance nor a tropical complaint, as you have supposed, but one of Uncle Sam's fighting ships, now splashing around in the vicinity of Hongkong. Mr. White is a midshipman on the Pampanga.

**POSTCARD TO "PRETTY GIRL"
STARTS TROUBLE.**

Up to the careless moment a few weeks since when, probably because it was easier to spell than Hokokus or Singas, he sent himself down and, after adjusting the crease in his trousers, added a postcard "To the Prettiest Girl in Plainfield," relations between Plainfield and Hongkong were all that could be desired. It would not be going too far to say they were ideal. Each place went about its business without considering the other in the nature of a rival. With the coming of that highly illustrated postcard to Plainfield the situation changed.

A Plainfield newspaper obtained the postcard and built a story around the incident with the result that day before yesterday Postmaster Alvin E. Hoagland received a communication from Midshipman White stating that one hundred and thirty of Plainfield's women had written to him assuring him of a consummation of the matrimonial dream. The specifications described on his postcard.

In an effort to discover if there were a hundred and thirty pretty women in Plainfield the writer qualified as an explorer by making a voyage to the town yesterday afternoon. The generosity of the Jersey Central with cinders on this particular trip leaving him in no condition to do justice to such an important investigation, he was compelled to seek the assistance of a local guide. The first man asked as to whether Plainfield women were easy to look at was the ticket agent.

"Pretty is no name for it," he declared. "I've been dealing out transportation here for two years and their beauty is still staggering me. And, mind you, all I can see through this fog is their faces. Gee," he sighed, "sometimes I get so agitated I give them their right change."

From the railroad station the line of march led to "Big Jim" Sattler, the policeman who regulates traffic at Front Street and Park Avenue, the centre of Plainfield's business section and likewise the hub around which revolved the gay life of the place. Sattler, a smiling study in ebony, said he had been told there were a lot of fine looking women in town.

"I never remember when they come alone," he explained, "because I'm too busy keeping the truck drivers and chauffeurs who are taking a giant leap from running each other down the road, and trying to take a couple of days off and see for myself."

**BEAUTY EXPERTS IN A NUT-
SUNDAE PLUNGE.**

A nut-sundae plunge nearby looked like a good place to acquire expert testimony. Plainfield's leading soda batteries were only too willing to take the stand.

"Got to go some to beat the girls down this town," declared Sidney Platt, the finishing touch on which looked like a mud of concrete. "I've looked around a bit and—"

"Just where?" was asked.

"Over," returned Sid. "Elizabeth Cranford, Somerville and Bound Brook and lots of other places. The girls down here has all the others stopped."

Postmaster Hoagland not only corroborated these sentiments but put it considerably stronger. He was getting his hair cut on the second floor of the barber shop in the town. He said he had been referred to it on his top floor when the reporter found him. Several other customers were straggled in on the other side of him, the restraining idea being necessary to prevent them from jumping every time an engine whistle blew and starting for the station.

"One hundred and thirty pretty girls nothing," he said enthusiastically. "That's about—let me see—just 16,619 girls out of the way. Yes,

WOMAN, AGED 105, AND FOUR CHILDREN SAVED FROM FIRE

Parents in Panic as Tenement
Burns Forget Kiddies and
Helpless Invalid.

A woman 105 years old and four children were rescued by police-men during a spectacular, three-alarm fire in the New York Veal and Mutton Company's two-story plant at No. 93 North Sixth Street, Williamsburg, at 1 A. M. to-day.

Police-men John Waters, Edward Rhatigan, John Tarthemiller and Martin Sommers of the Bedford Avenue station tried to stop a panic among the 206 foreigners who occupy the tenements on each side and in the rear of the burning building. The main object of most of the tenants was to get their clothing and furniture to the street, and many forgot their children.

The cries of children took Police-men Waters to the top floor of No. 91 and, half stifled by smoke, he found Anna Timmol, aged five, and Mary Garagosa, six. They had been forgotten. After Waters had taken them to the street and was going through a rear yard, some one threw a trunk from an upper window and missed him only a few inches.

Police-man Tarthemiller heard children crying in No. 95, but couldn't get in at the front because of smoke. He went to No. 97 and crawled along a ledge to No. 95. In a second floor rear apartment he found Mary and Jenny Dulipska, eight and nine years old. They were in bed, nearly suffocated. He took them to a front window and dropped them into Police-men's and firemen's arms. After Tarthemiller had got out by a rear fire escape he was so near collapse from smoke he had to be treated by an ambulance surgeon.

A woman's cry for help came from the rear of No. 95, and when Police-man Sommers reached the top floor he found Mrs. Mary Henak, 105 years old, long bedridden from paralysis. She had been overlooked when the others abandoned the apartment. The policeman carried her to the street.

After Jenny Dulipska had been rescued, some family in the neighborhood took charge of her and her parents have been unable to find her. The police are confident she will be taken home this morning.

Fireman Michael Lucas of Engine No. 212 was so badly burned trying to get into the blazing building that he had to be treated by an ambulance surgeon and go home.

**ACQUITTED OF CHARGE OF
ENTERING MAID'S ROOM.**

Walter Schumann, Who Was Arrested on Complaint of Ziegler Servant, Freed by Jury.

Walter Schumann, arrested April 9, charged with entering the room of Elizabeth Steinbock, a maid in the employ of William Ziegler Jr., at No. 225 Park Avenue, has been acquitted after a trial before Judge Delehanty and a jury in Part I, of General Sessions on a charge of burglary in the third degree.

The defendant was acquitted after the jury heard evidence that he had entered the room, which he said was unlocked while looking for work. Schumann was tried May 4. Newspaper reports of a struggle between the maid and the defendant, which ended in his being dragged down eight flights of stairs were shown to be without truth.

The Ziegler apartment was on the eighth floor of the building, but the maid's room, where Schumann was discovered, is on the ground floor.

'FRISCO MAYOR RECALL.

Petitions Circulated for the Unseating of Rolph.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—Petitions for the recall of James Rolph Jr., Mayor of San Francisco, were being circulated to-day by followers of Eugene E. Schmitz, former Mayor, who was removed from office when indicted at the time of the so-called graft prosecution. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Mayor at the last election.

The recall petitions enumerate as reasons for Rolph's recall about a dozen specifications, including the charge that the Mayor holds his office illegally because of alleged election frauds.

World's Greatest Storage Reservoir Completed.

ELEPHANT BUTTE, N. M., May 12.—Work was completed here to-day on the Elephant Butte Dam, a United States Reclamation Service project which, by damming the Rio Grande River, forming the greatest storage reservoir in the world. Construction began five years ago. The reservoir will feed an irrigation system that will water 135,000 acres of land in New Mexico, Texas and Arizona.

German Vice Chancellor Resigns.

BERLIN, May 12 (by wireless to Saxville).—Dr. Clemens Dr. Bruck, Minister of the Interior and Vice Chancellor, has resigned. The German News Agency says Dr. Bruck's resignation is due to ill health. He is suffering from diabetes.

"We've got about 16,000 girls down here, all ages of course, and trying to pick the pretty ones is like picking marbles dust out of sugar. Why," he continued, when the barber permitted him to straggle in the town, "I haven't a beauty parlor in the town. That's proof enough, isn't it?"

"Has there been much of an increase in the mail to Hongkong?" The foreign mail has been heavy of late," was his diplomatic reply.

The last person interrogated was the man in charge of the station newsstand.

"But, there's a lot of swell-lunkers down here," he declared. "But Plainfield doesn't see much of them. They shoot to New York whenever they get the chance."

DON'T DRINK WINE OR EAT SPROUTS, SAYS SCHLATTER

Healer Shows Reporter How
He Frees Mankind of All
Human Ills.

Monday afternoon next will be his

week in Jefferson Market Police Court for the Schlatter alumni. If Francis Schlatter, retail and wholesale dealer in healing, triffls his promise to have at that tribunal all the men and women in the metropolitan district who believe they have been rubbed back to health by his hands—at so much per rub. The venerable old fellow—he is now seventy-eight—whose healing methods have brought him in frequent contact with the authorities in various parts of the world during the last half century, is all wrought up over his arrest last night at his most recently established healery, No. 339 West Thirty-fourth Street.

As on the other occasions when he has been brought to the bar he is charged with practicing medicine without a license. His arrest this time was brought about by Mrs. Adele D. Priesa, a detective-sergeant attached to Lieut. Dan Costigan's squad. Mrs. Priesa let the inspired one in on the fact that one of her knees was not behaving as a good knee should. At Schlatter's suggestion she produced a handkerchief and fifty cents. She says she took the money, blessed the handkerchief and returned it to her—the handkerchief.

He told her to apply the handkerchief to her knee several times a day. A few days later she returned and announced that the handkerchief had failed to keep its part of the contract. Her knee pained worse than before. Schlatter blessing her stocking at fifty cents each. This didn't bring about the desired relief either, but before he could bless any more of her wearing apparel she called in Detective Johnson and they escorted the indignant healer to the Men's Night Court where Magistrate Nolan paroled him until Monday afternoon.

The fact that Schlatter's arrest was given wide publicity in this morning's papers didn't deter a large number of men and women from visiting his plant for their week end healing. The house in which he is quartered is one of the old style, brownstone front type, not far from the Manhattan Opera House. He occupies a front room and alcove, the former being used as a reception room, the latter equipped with a brass bed and a few chairs. Green curtains separate the two rooms. An Evening World man found about a dozen customers, men and women of all sizes and ages, ranged about the reception room awaiting their turn to feel the pressure of his hands.

In one corner of the reception room an extremely attractive young woman, with snapping black eyes and an alert manner, was thumbing a typewriter. She said she was Miss M. A. Hewitt of No. 203 Moffatt Street, Brooklyn, and that she was Schlatter's Secretary.

"A deep sense of gratitude inspired me to take the position," she explained. "Besides living in Brooklyn I was so deaf I couldn't hear a single thing. I came here last month and Dr. Schlatter cured me. I think he's simply wonderful."

At this juncture a husky looking chap who described himself as the Rev. Gus Algard, D. D., broke into

IF YOUR HEALTH IS IMPAIRED



as a result of careless diet or neglect of the stomach, Liver and Bowels, make a change immediately. Do not deprive your body of the proper nourishment and stamina needed to maintain health and strength. Help the digestion, aid Nature in keeping the liver and bowels regular with the assistance of

RASH OF PIMPLES ON FACE, NECK

And Arms. Itched and Burned. Could
Not Sleep. Face Was So Dis-
figured Could Not Go Out.

HEALED BY CUTICURA
SOAP AND OINTMENT

"My trouble began with an itching, my face, neck, and arms being affected, and they later broke out in a rash of pimples. The skin was sore and inflamed and the itching and burning which caused me to scratch and irritate the sore places and I could not sleep. My face was disfigured so that I could not go out and I was not able to work for three weeks."

"I read of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. On finding relief I bought a bar of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and it took only two weeks before I was healed." (Signed) John Duggan, 904 Bergen St., Newark, N. J., July 28, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail
With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Ad-
dress post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Bos-
ton." Sold throughout the world.

NUXATED IRON

increases strength of
delicate, nervous, run-
down people 300 per
cent. in 30 days.
Many instances, \$100
worth of full strength
soon to appear in this
paper. Ask your doc-
tor or druggist about
it. It can easily be obtained from any
good druggist.—Advt.

**100%
FORFEIT**

**PAINKILLER
MADE IN BALTIMORE**
A bottle separates of
pain to relieve distress.
Keeps you from
suffering to any of the
best and most famous
drugs in the world.